



J. S. M.  
1827

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# Contents

Midsummer Nights

Dream —

All Well that ends Well

Henry 5<sup>th</sup>

Henry 6<sup>th</sup>

Titus Andronicus

Richard 2<sup>nd</sup>





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# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM:

A Comedy,

*IN FIVE ACTS;*

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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CORRECTLY GIVEN,

FROM THE TEXT OF JOHNSON & STEEVENS.

With Remarks.



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## REMARKS.

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THIS beautiful creation of our great poet's fancy is full of that fairy imagery and machinery so popular in his age and time. The diminutive race of sportful beings, endowed with supernatural power, are here combined and contrasted with "the human mortals," whom, by the agency of Puck, that mad-cap sprite, they mislead and laugh at. In many parts of this play there is great sweetness and beauty of description; indeed, it will be best appreciated and enjoyed in the closet, for the peculiar and fantastic fictions of the poet cannot be embodied on the stage without injuring the spirit.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Theseus, Duke of Athens.

Egeus, Father to Hermia.

Lysander, } in love with Hermia.

Demetrius, }

Philostrate, Master of the Revels to Theseus.

Quince, the Carpenter.

Snug, the Joiner.

Bottom, the Weaver.

Flute, the Bellows-Mender.

Snout, the Tinker.

Starveling, the Tailor.

Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

Hermia, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

Helena, in love with Demetrius.

Oberon, King of the Fairies.

Titania, Queen of the Fairies.

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a Fairy.

Peas-blossom, }

Cobweb, }

Moth, }

Mustard-seed, }

Pyramus, }

Thisbe, }

Wall, }

Moonshine, }

Lion, }

Fairies.

Characters in the Interlude, performed by  
the Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE.—Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

# Midsummer-Night's Dream.

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## ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. ATHENS. A ROOM IN THE PALACE OF THESEUS.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.*

*The.* Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
Another moon; but, oh, methinks, how slow  
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue. [nights;

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in  
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*The.* Go, Philostrate,  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,  
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [exit Phil.  
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.*

*Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

*The.* Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?

*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—  
Stand forth, Demetrius ;—my noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her :—  
Stand forth, Lysander ;—and, my gracious duke,  
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child :  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :  
'Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats ; messengers  
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth :  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ;  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness :—and, my gracious duke,  
Be it so she will not here before your grace  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens ;  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her :  
Which shall be either to this gentleman,  
Or to her death ; according to our law,  
Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid :  
To you your father should be as a god ;  
One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is :

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.  
I know not by what power I am made bold ;  
Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts :  
But I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.  
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,  
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
You can endure the livery of a nun ;  
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :  
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*The.* Take time to pause : and, by the next new moon,  
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,  
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)  
Upon that day either prepare to die,  
For disobedience to your father's will ;  
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would :  
Or on Diana's altar to protest,  
For aye, austerity and single life.

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia ;—and, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

*Lys.* You have her father's love, Demetrius ;

Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love :  
And what is mine my love shall render him ;  
And she is mine ; and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd ; my love is more than his ;  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius' ;  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia :  
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul ; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof ;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come ;  
And come, Egeus ; you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.—  
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will ;  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
(Which by no means we may extenuate,)  
To death, or to a vow of single life.—  
Come, my Hippolyta ; what cheer, my love?—  
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along :  
I must employ you in some business  
Against our nuptial ; and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

*Ege.* With duty and desire we follow you.

[*exeunt The. Hip. Ege. Dem. and Train.*]

*Lys.* How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast !

*Her.* Belike, for want of rain ; which I could well  
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth :  
But, either it was different in blood ;

*Her.* O cross ! too high to be enthrall'd to low !

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ;

*Her.* O spite ! too old to be engag'd to young !

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends :

*Her.* O hell ! to choose love by another's eye !

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it ;  
Making it momentany as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold !  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,  
It stands as an edict in destiny :  
Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross ;  
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,  
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

*Lys.* A good persuasion ; therefore, hear me, *Hermia*.  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues ;  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee ;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us : if thou lov'st me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night ;

And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander !

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow ;  
By his best arrow with the golden head ;  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves ;  
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves ;  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;  
By all the vows that ever men have spoke,  
In number more than ever women broke ;—  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Lys.* Keep promise, love : look, here comes Helena.

*Enter Helena.*

*Her.* God speed fair Helena ! Whither away ?

*Hel.* Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay,  
Demetrius loves your fair ; O happy fair !  
Your eyes are lode-stars ; and your tongue's sweet air  
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
Sickness is catching ; O, were favour so !  
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go ;  
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,  
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,  
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.  
O, teach me how you look ; and with what art  
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still. [skill !

*Hel.* O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such

*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

*Hel.* O, that my prayers could such affection move !

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.



*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. [mine!]

*Hel.* None, but your beauty; 'would that fault were

*Her.* Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

There my Lysander and myself shall meet:

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight

From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight. [*ex. Her.*]

*Lys.* I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*exit Lys.*]

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er other some can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;

He will not know what all but he do know.

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities,

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Love can transpose to form and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :  
Nor hath love's mind of any judgement taste ;  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where :  
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine ;  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :  
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,  
Pursue her ; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense :  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither, and back again.

[*exit.*]

SCENE II. THE SAME. A ROOM IN A COTTAGE.

*Enter Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, Quince, and Starveling.*

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors ; and so grow to a point.

*Quin.* Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll :—Masters, spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready : name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant? [*love.*

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“ The raging rocks,  
With shivering shocks,  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison-gates:  
And *Phibbus*’ car  
Shall shine from far,  
And make and mar  
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles*’ vein: a tyrant’s vein, a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender. \*

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take *Thisby* on you.

*Flu.* What is *Thisby*? a wandering knight?

*Quin.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That’s all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

*Bot.* An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too: I’ll speak in a moustrous little voice;—*Thisne*, *Thisne*.—*Ah*, *Pyramus*, my lover dear; thy *Thisby* dear! and lady dear!

*Quin.* No, no; you must play *Pyramus*; and, Flute,

*Bot.* Well, proceed. [you *Thisby*.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part :—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again.*

*Quin.* An you shall do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek: and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were

*Quin.* Why, what you will. [I best to play it in?

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters,

here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night : and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light ; there will we rehearse : for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains ; be

*Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet. [perfect ; adieu.

*Bot.* Enough ; hold or cut bow-strings. [exeunt.

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## ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I. A WOOD NEAR ATHENS.

*Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck at another.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit ! whither wander you ?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moone's sphere ;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green :

The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;

In their gold coats spots you see ;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours :

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone ;

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;  
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;  
She never had so sweet a changeling:  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:  
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:  
And now they never meet in grove, or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,  
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,  
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,  
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he,  
That fright the maidens of the villagery;  
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,  
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;  
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;  
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?  
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:  
Are not you he?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:  
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab;  
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me:  
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
And *taylor* cries, and falls into a cough;

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—

But, room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

*Fair.* And here my mistress: 'would that he were gone.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Oberon, with his train, and Titania, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

*Obe.* Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

*Tita.* Then I must be thy lady: but I know  
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India?  
But, that forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Obe.* How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?  
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night  
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?  
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,  
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

*Tita.* These are the forgeries of jealousy:  
And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beachy margin of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,  
Have every pelting river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents :  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn  
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock ;  
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud ;  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :  
The human mortals want their winter here ;  
No night is now with hymn or carol blest :—  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound :  
And thorough this distemperature, we see  
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;  
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set : the spring, the summer,  
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which :  
And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissention ;  
We are their parents and original.

*Obe.* Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.

*Tita.* Set your heart at rest,  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a vot'ress of my order :



And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;  
And set with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;  
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :  
Which she with pretty and with swimming gait,  
(Following her womb, then rich with my young squire,)  
Would imitate ; and sail upon the land,  
To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;  
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy :  
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

*Obe.* How long within this wood intend you stay ?

*Tita.* Perchance, till after 'Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,  
And see our moon-light revels, go with us ;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Obe.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Tita.* Not for thy kingdom—Fairies, away :  
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

*[exeunt Titania and her train.]*

*Obe.* Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this grove,  
'Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither : thou remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
'That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Puck.* I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;  
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :  
It fell upon a little western flower,—  
Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,—  
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.  
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once ;  
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb : and be thou here again,  
'Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes. *[exit Puck.]*

*Obe.* Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :  
The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.  
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,  
(As I can take it, with another herb,)  
I'll make her render up her page to me.  
But who comes here ? I am invisible ;  
And I will over-hear their conference.

*Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia ?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.

Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,  
And here am I, and wood within this wood,  
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?  
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the more.  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your love,  
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)  
Than to be used as you use your dog?

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;  
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sick, when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
To trust the opportunity of night,  
And the ill counsel of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege for that.  
It is not night, when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night:  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;  
For you, in my respect, are all the world:  
Then how can it be said, I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

*Dem.* I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd ;  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase ;  
The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger : bootless speed !  
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions : let me go :  
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius !  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do ;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.  
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*ex. Dem. & Hel.*]

*Obe.* Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave this  
grove,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

*Re-enter Puck.*

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.* I pray thee, give it me.  
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :  
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :  
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :

A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
 With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;  
 But do it, when the next thing he espies  
 May be the lady : thou shalt know the man  
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
 Effect it with some care ; that he may prove  
 More fond on her, than she upon her love :  
 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

*[exeunt.]*

SCENE III. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD.

*Enter Titania, with her train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;  
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;  
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;  
 Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,  
 To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back  
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders  
 At our quaint spirits : sing me now asleep ;  
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;  
 Newts, and blind worms, do no wrong ;  
 Come not near our fairy queen :

*Chorus.* Philomel, with melody,  
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :  
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,  
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
 So, good night, with lullaby.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here ;  
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :  
 Beetles black, approach not near ;  
 A worm, nor snail, do no offence.

*Chorus.* Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away ; now all is well :  
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.

*[exeunt Fairies ; Titania sleeps.]*

*Enter Oberon.*

*Obe.* What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
*[squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.]*

Do it for thy true love take;  
Love, and languish for his sake:  
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;  
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*exit.*]

*Enter Lysander and Hermia.*

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in the  
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way; [wood;  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*Her.* Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

*Her.* Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

*Lys.* O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;  
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it:  
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;  
So then, two bosoms and a single troth.  
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;  
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

*Her.* Lysander riddles very prettily:  
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,  
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.  
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
Lie further off; in human modesty  
Such separation, as, may well be said,  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:  
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:  
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;

And then end life, when I end loyalty !  
Here is my bed : sleep give thee all his rest !

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd !  
[*they sleep.*]

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence ! who is here ?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear :  
This is he, my master said,  
Despised the Athenian maid ;  
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
On the dank and dirty ground.  
Pretty soul ! she durst not lie  
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.  
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe :  
When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.  
So awake, when I am gone ;  
For I must now to Oberon. [aside.]

*Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

*Dem.* I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

*Hel.* O, wilt thou darkling leave me ? do not so.

*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril ; I alone will go. [exit Dem.]

*Hel.* O, I am out of breath in this fond chase !

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, whereso'er she lies ;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright ? Not with salt tears :

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear :

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius  
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine  
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?  
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!  
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:  
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

*Lys.* And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake,  
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art, [*wakes.*  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:  
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?  
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

*Lys.* Content with Hermia? No: I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:  
Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;  
And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe until their season:  
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
And touching now the point of humankind,  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook  
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,



I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,  
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [exit.

*Lys.* She sees not *Hermia*:—*Hermia*, sleep thou  
And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near! [there;  
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;  
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,  
Are hated most of those they did deceive;  
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,  
Of all be hated; but the most of me!  
And all my powers, address your love and might,  
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight! [exit.

*Her.* [starting.] Help me, *Lysander*, help me! do  
thy best,  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!  
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?  
*Lysander*, look, how I do quake with fear:  
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—  
*Lysander*! what, remov'd? *Lysander*! lord!  
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?  
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;  
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.  
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:  
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [exit.

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## ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I. THE SAME.

THE QUEEN OF FAIRIES LYING ASLEEP.

*Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, & Starveling.*

*Bot.* Are we all met?

*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient

place for our rehearsal: this green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince—

*Quin.* What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

*Snout.* By'r'lakin, a parlous fear. [all is done.

*Star.* I believe, we must leave the killing out, when

*Bot.* Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed, and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, *Pyramus*, am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six. [and eight.

*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it. [not a lion.

*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, —Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there,

indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; and out moonshine, find out moonshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of horns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chinks of a wall. [you, Bottom?

*Snug.* You never can bring in a wall.—What say

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake, and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter Puck, behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swaggered on near the cradle of the fairy queen? [sing here, What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor; an actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

*Pyr.* 'Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,  
*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Pyr.* —'odours savours sweet:

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,  
 And by and by I will to thee appear.' [exit.]

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!  
 [aside; exit.]

*This.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*This.* 'Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
 Of colour like the red-rose on triumphant brier,  
 Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,  
 As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,  
 I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.'

*Quin.* Ninus' tomb, man: why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, 'never tire.'

*Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.*

*This.* O,—'As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.'

*Pyr.* 'If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.'

*Quin.* O, monstrous! O, strange! we are haunted.  
 Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [exeunt Clowns.]

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,  
 Through bog, through bush, through brake, through  
 Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound, [brier]

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;  
 And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
 Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [exit.]

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

*Re-enter Snout.*

*Snout.* O, Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

*Re-enter Quince.*

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *[exit.]*

*Bot.* I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. *[sings.]*

The onsel-cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawney bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill;

*Tita.* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

*[waking.]*

*Bot.*     The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
          The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
          Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
          And dares not answer, nay ;---

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, cuckoo, never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,  
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeek upon occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go ;  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit, of no common rate ;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—  
Peas-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

*Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go ?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;  
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed, and to arise ;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes :  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal !

2 *Fai.* Hail !

3 *Fai.* Hail !

4 *Fai.* Hail !

*Bot.* I cry your worships' mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb : if I cut my finger, I shall make bold

with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

*Peas.* Peas-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE II. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD.

*Enter Oberon.*

*Obe.* I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;

Then, what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter Puck.*

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play,

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,

Who Pyramus presented, in their sport

Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake :  
 When I did him at this advantage take,  
 An ass's nowl I fixed on his head ;  
 Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,  
 And forth my mimic comes : when they him spy,  
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky ;  
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly :  
 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls ;  
 He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,  
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong :  
 For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch ;  
 Some, sleeves ; some, hats : from yielders all things  
 I led them on in this distracted fear, [catch  
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there :  
 When in that moment (so it came to pass,)  
 Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

*Obe.* This falls out better than I could devise.  
 But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes  
 With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

*Puck.* I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—  
 And the Athenian woman by his side ;  
 That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

*Obe.* Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*Dem.* O why rebuke you him that loves you so ?  
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse  
 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,  
 And kill me too.



The sun was not so true unto the day,  
As he to me: would he have stol'n away  
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,  
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon  
May through the centre creep, and so displease  
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.  
It cannot be, but thou hast murdered him;  
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murder'd look; and so should I,  
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:  
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,  
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? where is he?  
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

*Dem.* I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the  
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

'Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:  
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

For is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

*Dem.* An if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A privilege, never to see me more.

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*exit.*]

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein:  
Here; therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;  
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,  
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*lies down.*]

*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,  
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:  
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue  
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding  
A million fail, confounding oath on oath. [*troth,*]

*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,  
And Helena of Athens look thou find:  
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer  
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:  
By some illusion see thou bring her here;  
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go; look, how I go;  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*exit.*]

*Obe.* Flower of this purple die,  
Hit with Cupid's archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye!  
When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.—  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand;  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee;  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make,  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two, at once, woo one;  
That must needs be sport alone;

And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

*Enter Lysander and Helena.*

*Lys.* Why should you think, that I should woo in  
Scorn and derision never come in tears : [scorn ?  
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,  
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,  
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true ?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and more.  
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !  
These vows are Hermia's : will you give her o'er ?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh ;  
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh ; and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

*Dem.* [awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,  
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ; [divine !  
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow !  
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,  
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,  
When thou hold'st up thy hand : O let me kiss  
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !

*Hel.* O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent  
To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,  
You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too ?

If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so ;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;  
And now both rivals, to mock Helena :  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,  
With your derision ! none, of noble sort,  
Would so offend a virgin ; and extort  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;  
For you love Hermia ; this, you know, I know :  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will none :  
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.  
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd ;  
And now to Helen is it home return'd,  
There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—  
Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy dear.

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense :—  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ? [go ?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom love doth press to

*Her.* What love could press Lysander from my side ?

*Lys.* Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,  
Fair Helena ; who more engilds the night  
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

*Her.* You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

*Hel.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,  
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key;

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,

Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;

But yet a union in partition,

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

And will you rent our ancient love asunder,

To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:

Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;

Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words:

I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,

To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?

And made your other love, Demetrius,

(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,) To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare, Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander Deny your love, so rich within his soul, And tender me, forsooth, affection; But by your setting on, by your consent? What though I be not so in grace as you, So hung upon with love, so fortunate; But miserable most, to love unlov'd? This you should pity, rather than despise.

*Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.

*Hel.* Ay, do persever, counterfeit sad looks, Make mows upon me when I turn my back; Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up; This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. If you have any pity, grace, or manners, You would not make me such an argument. But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault; Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse; My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

*Hel.* O, excellent!

*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.

*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat; Thy threats have no more strength than her weak Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do; [prayers.— I swear by that which I will lose for thee, To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

*Dem.* I say, I love thee more than he can do.

*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

*Dem.* Quick, come—

*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this?

*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop!

*Dem.* No, no, sir:—he will

Seem to break loose ; take on, as you would follow ;  
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go !

*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr : vile thing, let  
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent. [loose ;

*Her.* Why are you grown so rude ? what change is  
Sweet love ? [this,

*Lys.* Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !  
Out, loathed medicine ! hated potion, hence !

*Her.* Do you not jest ?

*Hel.* Yes, 'sooth ; and so do you.

*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would, I had your bond ; for, I perceive,  
A weak bond holds you ; I'll not trust your word.

*Lys.* What should I hurt her, strike her, kill her  
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. [dead ?

*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm, than hate ?  
Hate me ! wherefore ? O, me ! what news, my love ?  
Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile. [me :

Since night, you lov'd me ; yet, since night, you left

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid !—

In earnest, shall I say ?

*Lys.* Ay, by my life ;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

*Her.* O, me ! you juggler ! you canker-blossom !

You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him ?

*Hel.* Fine, i'faith !

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?

Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet you !

*Her.* Puppet ! why so ? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height ;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—  
And are you grown so high in his esteem,  
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low ?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole ? speak ;  
How low am I ? I am not yet so low,  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me : I was never curst ;  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;  
I am a right maid for my cowardice ;  
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,  
Because she's something lower than myself,  
'That I can match her.

*Her.* Lower ! hark, again.

*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you ;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood :  
He follow'd you ; for love, I follow'd him,  
But he hath chid me hence ; and threaten'd me  
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too :  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no further : let me go :  
You see how simple and how fond I am. [you ?

*Her.* Why, get you gone : who is't that hinders

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

*Her.* What, with Lysander ?

*Hel.* With Demetrius.

*Lys.* Be not afraid : she shall not harm thee, Helena.

*Dem.* No, sir ; she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd :



She was a vixen, when she went to school;  
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again? nothing but low and little?—  
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;  
You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious,  
In her behalf that scorns your services.  
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;  
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend  
Never so little show of love to her,  
Thou shalt aby it.

*Lys.* Now she holds me not;  
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

*Dem.* Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.  
[*exeunt Lys. and Dem.*]

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:  
Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I;  
Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;  
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*exit.*]

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*exit.*]

*Obe.* This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,  
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:  
And so far am I glad it so did sort,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron :  
And lead these testy rivals so astray,  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error, with his might,  
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,  
With league, whose date till death shall never end.  
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste  
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there  
Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort :  
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay :  
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*exit Oberon.*

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down ;  
I will lead them up and down ;  
I am fear'd in field and town ;  
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one. *Enter Lysander.* [now.

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius ? speak thou

*Puck.* Here, villain ; drawn and ready. Where art

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight. [thou ?

*Puck.* Follow me then

To plainer ground. [*exit Lys. as following the voice.*

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Dem.* Lysander ! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled ? [head ?

*Speak.* In some bush ? Where dost thou hide thy

*Puck.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come ? Come, recreant ; come, thou child ;

I'll whip thee with a rod : he is defil'd,

That draws a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea ; art thou there ?

*Puck.* Follow my voice ; we'll try no manhood here.

*Re-enter Lysander.* [exeunt.

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on ;

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day !

[lies down.

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,

I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [sleeps.

*Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.*

*Puck.* Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,  
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou?

*Puck.* Come hither; I am here.

*Dem.* Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy  
If ever I thy face by day-light see: [this dear,  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—  
By day's approach look to be visited. [*lies down, sleeps*

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;  
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,  
From these that my poor company detest:—  
And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*sleeps*

*Puck.* Yet but three? Come one more;  
Two of both kinds makes up four.  
Here she comes, curst and sad:—  
Cupid is a knavish lad,  
Thus to make poor females mad.

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;  
I can no further crawl, no further go;  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! [*lies down*

*Puck.* On the ground

Sleep sound:

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy. [*Lysander's eye*  
*squeezing the juice of*

When thou wak'st,  
 Thou tak'st  
 True delight  
 In the sight  
 Of thy former lady's eye :  
 And the country proverb known,  
 That every man should take his own,  
 In your waking shall be shown :  
 Jack shall have Jill ;  
 Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.  
*[exit Puck.— Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.]*

## ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I. — THE SAME.

*Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending ; Oberon behind, unseen.*

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's Peas-blossom ?

*Pea.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's

*Cob.* Ready. *[monsieur Cobweb ?]*

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get your  
 weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped hum-  
 ble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good monsieur,  
 bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too  
 much in the action, monsieur ; and, good monsieur,  
 have a care the honey-bag break not ; I would be loath  
 to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—  
 Where's monsieur Mustard-seed ?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed.  
 Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

*Must.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch. [love?

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

*Tita.* Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,  
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [they sleep.

*Oberon advances. Enter Puck.*

*Obe.* Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet Her dotage now I do begin to pity. [sight?

For meeting her of late, behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,  
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,  
Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes,  
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,  
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,  
 Then did ask of her her changeling child;  
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
 And now I have the boy, I will undo  
 His hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;  
 That he awaking when the other do,  
 May all to Athens back again repair;  
 And think no more of this night's accidents,  
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

*[touching her eyes with an herb.]*

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

*Tita.* My Oberon! What visions have I seen!  
 Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

*Obe.* There lies your love.

*Tita.* How came these things to pass?

How mine eyes do loath his visage now!

*Obe.* Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—  
 Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
 Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

*Tita.* Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

*Puck.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's  
 eyes peep.

*Obe.* Sound, music. *[still music.]* Come, my queen,  
 take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair posterity :  
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark ;  
I do hear the morning lark.

*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade :  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

*Tita.* Come, my lord ; and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these mortals, on the ground. [*exeunt*  
*[horns sound within]*

*Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester ;—  
For now our observation is perform'd :  
And since we have the vaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—  
Uncouple in the western valley ; go :  
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.  
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry ; I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thnnder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind  
So flew'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;  
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls ;



Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly : [these ?  
 Judge, when you hear.—But, soft ; what nymphs are

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;  
 And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;  
 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :  
 I wonder of their being here together.

*The.* No doubt, they rose up early, to observe  
 The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,  
 Came here in grace of our solemnity.—  
 But, speak, Egeus ; is not this the day  
 That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

*Ege.* It is, my lord. [horns.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their  
*Horns, and shout within. Demetrius, Lysander, Her-  
 mia, and Helena, wake and start up.*

*The.* Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past ;  
 Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord. [*he and the rest kneel to The.*

*The.* I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you are two rival enemies ;  
 How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
 That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
 Half'sleep, half waking ; but as yet, I swear,  
 I cannot truly say how I came here :

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—  
 And now I do bethink me, so it is ;)

came with Hermia hither : our intent  
 Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be  
 Without the peril of the Athenian law.

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord ; you have enough ;  
 beg the law, the law, upon his head.—

They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me :

You, of your wife ; and me, of my consent ;  
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;

And I in fury hither follow'd them ;

Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,  
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,

Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gawd,

Which in my childhood I did dote upon :

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is only Helena. To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :

But, like in sickness, did I loath this food :

But, as in health, come to my natural taste,

Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,

And will for evermore be true to it.

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :

Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—

Egeus, I will overbear your will ;

For in the temple, by and by with us,

These couples shall eternally be knit.

And, for the morning now is something worn,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—

Away, with us, to Athens ; three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

Come, Hippolyta. [*exeunt The. Hip. Ege. and Train*]

*Dem.* These things seem small, and undistinguishable

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

*Her.* Methinks, I see these things with parted eyes

When every thing seems double.

*Hel.* So methinks :

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own.

*Dem.* It seems to me,  
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,  
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

*Her.* Yea; and my father.

*Hel.* And Hippolyta.

*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the temple.

*Dem.* Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;  
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*exeunt.*

*As they go out, Bottom awakes.*

*Bot.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, 'most fair Pyramus.'—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender; Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom: and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke.—Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*exit.*

SCENE II. ATHENS. A ROOM IN QUINCE'S HOUSE.

*Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

*Quin.* Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet? [*transported.*

*Star.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is

*Flu.* If he come not, then the play is marred; it goes not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible: you have not a man in all

Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

*Flu.* No ; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft-man in Athens.

*Quin.* Yea, and the best person too ; and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

*Flu.* You must say, paragon : a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

*Enter Snug.*

*Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married : if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom ! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life ; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day : an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged ; he would have deserved it : sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter Bottom.*

*Bot.* Where are these lads ? where are these hearts ?

*Quin.* Bottom !—O most courageous day ! O most happy hour !

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders : but ask me not what ; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace ; every man look o'er his part, for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen, and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words away ; go, away.

[*exeunt*]

## ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I. THE SAME. AN APARTMENT IN THE  
PALACE OF THESEUS.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Hip.* 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

*The.* More strange than true. I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact :

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;  
That is, the madman ; the lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt ;  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination ;  
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;  
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

*Hip.* But all the story of the night told over,  
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
And grows to something of great constancy ;  
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

*Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.*

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.  
Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,

Accompany your hearts!

*Lys.* More than to us

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

*The.* Come now; what masks, what dances shall we  
To wear away this long age of three hours, [have,  
Between our after-supper and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

*Philost.* Here, mighty Theseus. [ing?

*The.* Say, what abridgement have you for this even-  
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile  
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

*Philost.* There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;  
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

*The.* [reads.] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung,  
By an Athenian eunuch, to the harp.'

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'

That is an old device; and it was play'd  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.'

That is some satire, keen, and critical,  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,  
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.'

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

*Philost.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words  
Which is as brief as I have known a play: [long;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.  
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.  
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

*The.* What are they, that do play it?

*Philost.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,  
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;  
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories  
With this same play, against your nuptial.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Philost.* No, my noble lord,  
It is not for you: I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play;  
For never any thing can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*exit Philostrate.*]

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

*Hip.* He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing,  
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:  
And what poor duty cannot do,  
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.  
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. 'Trust me, sweet,  
 Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;  
 And in the modesty of fearful duty  
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
 In least, speak most, to my capacity.

*Enter Philostrate.*

*Philos.* So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.

*The.* Let him approach. [*flourish of trumpets.*]

*Enter Prologue.*

*Prol.* 'If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,  
 But with good will. To show our simple skill

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,  
 Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
 The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,  
 You shall know all, that you are like to know.'

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt ; he  
 knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord : it is not  
 enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a  
 child on a recorder ; a sound, but not in government.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing  
 impaired, but all disordered. Who is next ?

*Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion,*  
*as in dumb show.*

*Prol.* 'Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show ;

'But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

'This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

'This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

'This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

'Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder :



And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content  
‘ To whisper ; at the which let no man wonder.  
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,  
‘ Presenteth moonshine : for, if you will know,  
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn  
‘ To meet at Ninus’ tomb, there, there to woo.  
This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,  
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,  
Did scare away, or rather did affright :  
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;  
‘ Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :  
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,  
‘ And finds his trusty Thisby’s mantle slain :  
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,  
‘ He bravely broach’d his boiling bloody breast ;  
And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,  
‘ His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,  
At large discourse, while here they do remain.’

*[exeunt Prol. Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.]*

*The.* I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when  
many asses do.

*Wall.* ‘ In this same interlude, it doth befall,  
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :  
And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
That had in it a cranny’d hole, or chink,  
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
Did whisper often very secretly.  
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show  
That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :  
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.’

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak better ?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard  
discourse, my lord.

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Pyr.* ' O grim-look'd night! O night with hue  
 ' O night, which ever art, when day is not! [black  
 ' O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,  
 ' I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—  
 ' And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,  
 ' That stand'st between her father's ground and mine  
 ' Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
 ' Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine  
     eyne. [Wall holds up his finger  
 ' Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for  
 ' But what see I? No Thisby do I see. [this  
 ' O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;  
 ' Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!  
*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensible, should  
 curse again.

*Pyr.* No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving*  
*me*, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to  
 spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall  
 pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

*Enter Thisbe.*

*This.* ' O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans  
 ' For parting my fair Pyramus and me:  
 ' My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;  
 ' Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.'  
*Pyr.* ' I see a voice; now will I to the chink,  
 ' To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.  
 ' Thisby!'

*This.* ' My love! thou art my love, I think.'

*Pyr.* ' Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;  
 ' And like Limander am I trusty still.'

*This.* ' And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.'

*Pyr.* ' Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.'

*This.* ' As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.'

*Pyr.* ' O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.'

*This.* ' I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.' [way?]

*Pyr.* ' Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-

*This.* 'Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.'

*Wall.* 'Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so ;  
And, being done, thus wall away doth go.'

[*exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*]

*The.* Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

*The.* The best in this kind are but shadows : and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

*Hip.* It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

*The.* If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

*Enter Lion and Moonshine.*

*Lion.* 'You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear  
'The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,  
'When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know, that I, one Snug, the joiner, am

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :

For if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.'

*The.* A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valour. [saw.

*The.* True ; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord : for his valour cannot carry  
is discretion ; and the fox carries the goose.

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour ; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well : leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

*Moon.* 'This lantern doth the horned moon present.'

*Dem.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*The.* He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

*Moon.* 'This lantern doth the horned moon present ;  
'Myself the man i'th' moon do seem to be.'

*The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest : the man should be put into the lantern : how is it else the man i'the moon ?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle : for, you see, it is already in snuff. [change!]

*Hip.* 'I am aweary of this moon : 'would, he would

*The.* It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all reason.

*Lys.* Proceed, moon. [we must stay the time]

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for they are in the moon. But, silence ; here comes Thisbe.

*Enter Thisbe.*

*This.* 'This is old Ninny's tomb : where is my love ?'

*Lion.* 'Oh—.' [the lion roars ; Thisbe runs off.]

*Dem.* Well roared, lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Hip.* Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

*The.* Well moused, lion. [lion tears Thisbe's mantle, ex.]

*Dem.* And so comes Pyramus.

*Lys.* And then the moon vanishes.

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Pyr.* 'Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;

'I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright :

'For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,

'I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.

'But stay ;—O spite !

'But mark ;—poor knight,

'What dreadful dole is here ?

'Eyes, do you see ?

'How can it be ?

'O dainty duck ! O dear !

‘ Thy mantle good,  
‘ What, stain’d with blood?

‘ Approach, ye furies fell!

‘ O fates! come, come;

‘ Cut thread and thrum;

‘ Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!’

*The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend,  
would go near to make a man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* ‘ O wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

‘ Since lion vile hath here deflour’d my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

‘ That liv’d, that lov’d, that lik’d, that look’d with

‘ Come, tears, confound; [cheer.

‘ Out, sword, and wound

‘ The pap of Pyramus:

‘ Ay, that left pap,

‘ Where heart doth hop:

‘ Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

‘ Now am I dead,

‘ Now am I fled;

‘ My soul is in the sky:

‘ Tongue, lose thy light!

‘ Moon, take thy flight!

‘ Now, die, die, die, die, die. [*dies; ex. Moonshine.*

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

*Hip.* How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

*The.* She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

*Enter Thisbe.*

*Hip.* Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus. I hope, she will be brief.

*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better. [eyes]

*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *videlicet*——

*This.* 'Asleep, my love?

'What, dead, my dove?

'O Pyramus, arise,

'Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

'Dead, dead? A tomb

'Must cover thy sweet eyes.

'These lily brows,

'This cherry nose,

'These yellow cowslip cheeks,

'Are gone, are gone :

'Lovers, make moan!

'His eyes were green as leeks.

'O sisters three,

'Come, come, to me,

'With hands as pale as milk;

'Lay them in gore,

'Since you have shore

'With shears his thread of silk.

'Tongue, not a word :

'Come, trusty sword ;

'Come, blade, my breast imbrue ;

'And farewell, friends ;—

'Thus Thisby ends :

'Adieu, adieu, adieu.'

[*dies.*

*The.* Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Burgomask dance, between two of our company ?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he

at writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself  
Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy :  
and so it is, truly ; and very notably discharged. But  
me, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone.

[*here a dance of clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve :  
overs, to bed ; 'tis almost fairy time.

Near we shall out-sleep the coming morn,  
as much as we this night have overwatch'd.  
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd  
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.  
Fortnight hold we this solemnity,  
nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Enter Puck.*

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon ;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,  
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night,  
'That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide :  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecat's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolic ; not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :  
I am sent, with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter Oberon and Titania, with their Train.*

*Obe.* Through this house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsy fire:  
 Every elf, and fairy sprite,  
 Hop as light as bird from brier;  
 And this ditty, after me,  
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.

*Tita.* First, rehearse this song by rote:  
 To each word a warbling note,  
 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

*Song and dance.*

*Obe.* Now, until the break of day,  
 Through this house each fairy stray.  
 To the best bride-bed will we,  
 Which by us shall blessed be;  
 And the issue, there create,  
 Ever shall be fortunate.  
 So shall all the couples three  
 Ever true in loving be:  
 And the blots of nature's hand  
 Shall not in their issue stand;  
 Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,  
 Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
 Despised in nativity,  
 Shall upon their children be.  
 With this field-dew consecrate,  
 Every fairy take his gait;  
 And each several chamber bless,  
 Through this palace, with sweet peace:  
 E'er shall it in safety rest,  
 And the owner of it blest.  
     Trip away;  
     Make no stay;  
 Meet me all by break of day.

[*exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train*]

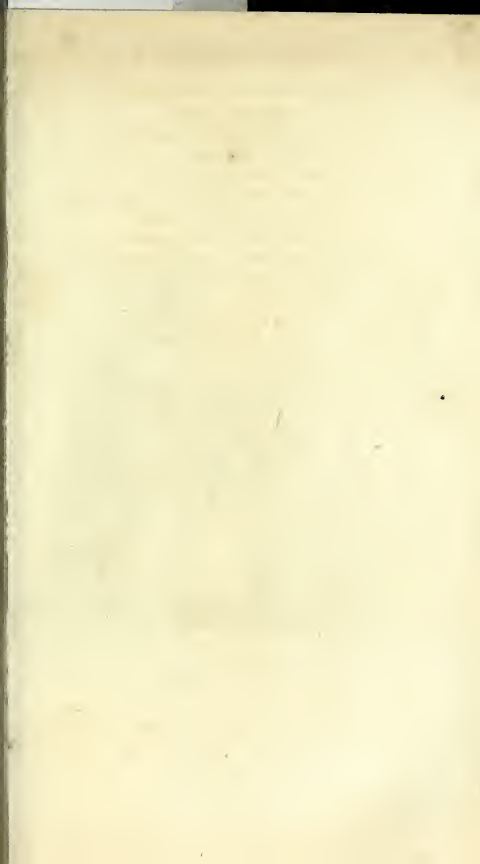
*Puck.* If we shadows have offended,  
 Think hut this, (and all is mended,)  
 That you have hut slumber'd here,  
 While these visions did appear.  
 And this weak and idle theme,  
 No more yielding hut a dream,  
 Gentles, do not reprehend;  
 If you pardon, we will mend.  
 And, as I'm an honest Puck,  
 If we have unearned luck  
 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
 We will make amends, ere long:  
 Else the Puck a liar call.  
 So, good night unto you all.  
 Give me your hands, if we be friends,  
 And Robin shall restore amends.

[*exit*]

THE END.

*Maurice,  
 Finchurch-street.*







*Act 1 Scene 3.*



